ROCKFORD COLLEGE
DECUS ET VERITAS

Respectfully Dedicated
to the
Classes of 1904
and 1906

College Yell

Zip la! zip la!
Boom! ha! ha!
Rockford College! Rah!

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The President of Rockford College

N October 18, 1902, Dr. Julia H. Gulliver was installed as President of Rockford College. The exercises were held in the chapel of the College at three o'clock in the afternoon, and were opened and closed with singing by the Glee Club. Addresses were made by the Rev. William DeWitt Hyde, D. D., LL. D., President of Bowdoin College, Miss Jane Addams of Hull House, Mr. John H. Sherratt, President of the Board of Trustees, and Miss Gulliver. Distinguished representatives of other colleges and many alumnæ and friends of the College were present. Thus bringing together men and women interested in education and in Rockford College, the occasion aroused inspiring memories of the past and stimulated hopes and plans for the future which are already beginning to be realized in the growth and development of the College.

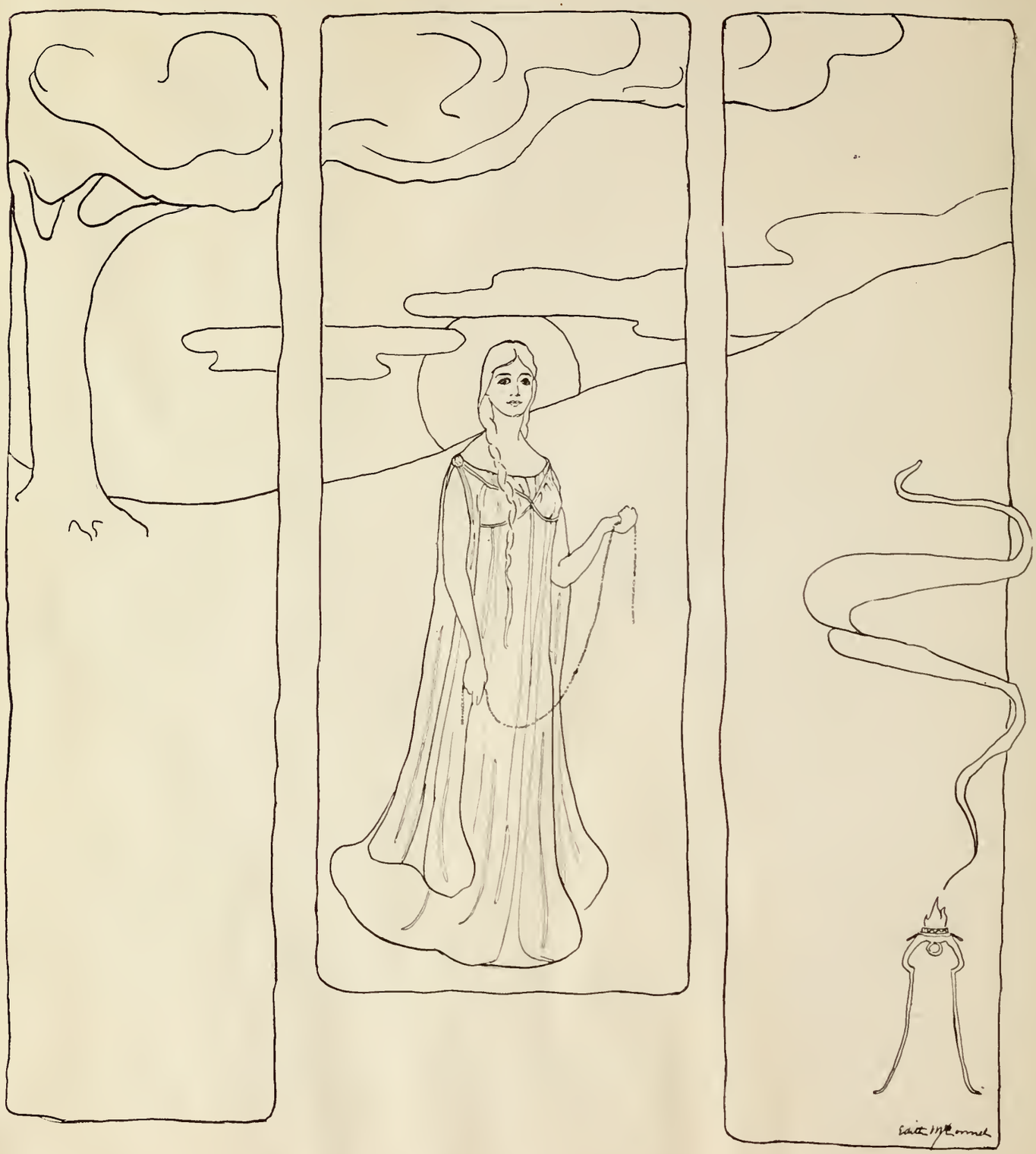
Since 1890, with the exception of one year spent in study, Miss Gulliver had been Head of the Department of Philosophy and Biblical Literature in the Seminary and in the College, and during the prolonged illness of Miss Emily K. Reynolds, she had been Acting President.

Miss Gulliver is the daughter of the Rev. John Putnam Gulliver, D. D., LL. D., President of Knox College from 1868 to 1872, and Stone Professor of the "Relations of Christianity and Science" in Andover Theological Seminary from 1879 until his death in 1894. Dr. Gulliver was perhaps best known as a reformer, a close personal friend of Governor Buckingham, the war governor of Connecticut. Before the founding of any of the prominent Colleges for women, he was an earnest advocate of the higher education of women.

The devotion of Dr. Gulliver to the cause of education has been continued in the work of his daughter. Miss Gulliver received her first degree as a member of the first class of Smith College, 1879. After some years spent in study, largely under the direction of her father, she received from Smith College in 1888 the degree of Doctor of Philosophy. From 1890 to 1892 she held the position of Head of the Department of Philosophy and Biblical Literature in Rockford Seminary. The following year she spent in Germany doing advanced work in philosophy at the University of Leipsic under the direction of Professor Wilhelm Wundt. From that time Miss Gulliver has been Head of the Department of Philosophy and Biblical Literature in Rockford College, and, much to the satisfaction of all, continues her work in ethics and Bible.

The first work published by Miss Gulliver was "Dreams," a thesis presented to Smith College and published in the *Journal of Speculative Philosophy* in 1879. This was followed in 1884 by "The Substitute for Christianity Proposed by Comte and Spencer," which appeared in *The New Englander and Yale Review*. "Tito Melema" was published in *The New World* in 1895, and in 1897 "The Value of Goethe's Thought of God to Us." Also in 1897 appeared Miss Gulliver's translation of Wundt's "Facts of the Moral Life," in which she was aided by Professor E. B. Titchener of Cornell University. In New York, 1900, appeared her "Temptation of Mr. Bulstrode: A Study of the Sub-Conscious Self."

During these years as a member of the faculty, and now as the President, Miss Gulliver has been thoroughly identified with the interests of the College. It was with hearty good will and enthusiastic faith that she was welcomed by trustees, faculty and students as President of Rockford College.



Alma Mater

There was once a wise, earnest and kindly mother who lived in a grove of oaks on the banks of a great river. Now, when this beautiful young mother began her life on the wooded bluff she was not very wise, perhaps, in books or in the ways of the world, but her heart was pure and true and womanly. So she gave to her daughters all that she could of knowledge, which meant all that she herself had been able to gain, and she offered to them a still greater measure of the wisdom that is of the heart and soul, of which she had a goodly store.

Thus she lived on the banks of the river, and her daughters with her. And the daughters looking out to the sunset over the murmuring water and the waving forest beyond, wondered, as all young souls must wonder, what was waiting for them beyond the protecting grove. Then when the time came that they must go out in the world, they went half joyfully, half sorrowfully; hoping, shrinking; gazing eagerly into the great, wonderful world, yet looking back wistfully to the dear protecting mother, sitting quietly with the younger sisters who were yet with her. And the coming years proved that from the first the mother had given to her loved ones a full measure of the wisdom which she so valued, for none are more loyal to her than these eldest, who went out many years ago.

So the years went on. The forest toward the sunset gave way to stern-looking factories; but the sunsets were still gold and crimson, and the peaceful river still glided past the brightness, to disappear in the mysterious shadows of the bend below. The beautiful mother grew more learned, and sometimes, perhaps, she looked severe and forbidding; but underneath it all, she still cherished the pure and the true and the womanly, and she still valued wisdom itself above rubies, and counted knowledge as the handmaid of wisdom.

And as the years passed there was also a change in the outward semblance of the maidens sitting in the oak grove. So it happened that some of the elder sisters, returning to drop a caress on the brow of the mother, said in their hearts, "Surely, these merry girls have no need of us, no claim on us, for we are not of them. We will go away and remember the mother of our youth as one apart, one who has gone beyond our reach." And the maidens, pausing in the swing of their busy life, stopped and pondered, "When we leave, will it be possible for us to forget our little part in the life of the mother? And can we ever forget to care for this story which we are helping to make? Surely not; truly, this sister can never have been a real soul daughter of our beautiful mother."

But others of the elder daughters, returning, were wiser, and those whom the world counted best and greatest were among them. They looked beneath the changing surface and saw the

same eager young spirit, still seeking knowledge in its varying forms, and above all, wisdom. And to these the younger sisters opened their hearts, and elder and younger grew to know and love each the other.

So the mother, who lives through and in her daughters, was helped and cheered by the love and sympathy of her children; and the scattered daughters, wandering in spreading and dividing paths, were yet held together by a lasting bond and turned with ever increasing loyalty and gratitude to Alma Mater.

The Old Girl

TWO VIEWS

COLLEGE opened yesterday — Friday. It is now Saturday morning, nearly time for luncheon. Apparently Middle Hall has been left to the tender mercies of the small groups of lonely, painfully verdant Freshmen who stand or sit here and there, as if not knowing what better to do, vaguely waiting for something to happen. A carriage stops outside and a tall girl steps out of the door as it is flung open. As she comes up into the hall, looking neither to her right nor to her left, her authoritative manner, her air of familiarity with the place, and her supreme indifference to the looks of curiosity which are her only greeting, all prove that she is something apart from the common mortals that surround her. "Surely she is the President of the College, or anyway one of the Trustees," whispers one Freshman to another, who, merely shaking her head in reply, stands gazing at the dark stairway up which her Highness has vanished.

While the Freshman is still looking up into the darkness, she sees coming down the stairs another girl whom she recognizes as a Sophomore, but whom she has not yet met. Almost overcome by fright, she yet ventures to ask, "Will you please tell me if the lady who just went up stairs is the President?" The Sophomore gives one gasp, shrieks, "No!!" and as she rushes up stairs again to spread abroad the latest Freshman break, she stops just long enough to say, "Better luck to you the next time you see an Old Girl!"

One year old! She wondered if all first anniversaries were as reflective as this one. It did not seem twelve months since she had put on her cap and gown for the last time and had stood in line waiting for her sheepskin. Hers had not been what is known as a weepy class, yet only by counting the roses in a great jar at her side, had she been able to keep back the tears as she listened to those tender words beginning, "Dear Children."

All this was a year ago. To-day she had come back for her first alumnæ reunion. Was she changed? Was the Alma Mater grown cold? No and yes. She had had a year of "experience," as the teacher's agencies would say, and one must change with that; but the Alma Mater, was she not the same kind, though sometimes unresponsive, personality who had welcomed her five years before?

How well she remembered that first week in number thirteen, as she looked back at it now, and the fight she had made against homesickness. She smiled into the duskiness of the bare room. What is Freshman homesickness compared to that of the baby alumna? As a Freshman

she had felt forlorn but not forsaken, for she had known that twenty-three others were in the same plight. Company certainly is an antidote for misery. But she had lacked even this poor consolation when four years later she had left behind her not only home, but her dear Alma Mater as well, and had stood for the first time facing her "classes."

The ordeal of being the "new teacher" came vividly back to her. She saw herself on that first Monday morning, standing at the head of the long flight of stairs as that endless stream of nameless humanity filed curiously past her. She could still feel their searching gaze noting the details of her white shirtwaist and black tie. She could almost hear their comments as to the length of her skirt and the way she wore her hair. She wondered if they knew immediately that she had never taught before. Does the college Freshman suffer such pangs?

But that first month had at last dragged itself out, and gradually those giggling girls and awkward boys had become her appreciative friends and trusted comrades. It was they who had in some measure filled the place of those other friends back in old Rockford.

But blue Mondays and restless Fridays no longer troubled the Old Girl. She was back in her former haunts. To be sure, the Freshmen had regarded her with cool indifference and had wondered how long ago she had been there. But that mattered very little, for many of her old friends were back, and, although she knew she was no longer a part of the college life, yet she felt at home. The room she had was not hers; it was a long, narrow room on the second floor which looked bare enough in the white light of the June moon. Not a poster, not a photograph, relieved the monotony of bunch after bunch of staring red carnations; the closet had no curtains; the bureau was without a cover; yet all this made her feel that she belonged here, for, like the college family proper, she was allowed to make the best of inconveniences so that the older old girls might occupy the more habitable guest rooms.

How dear it all was to her! Yet there was a change. The question which had so agitated the girls in Middle Hall that morning was not so vital to her as it had been a year ago; or, at least, now she could see both sides so plainly that she wondered how she could ever have cared so much either one way or the other.

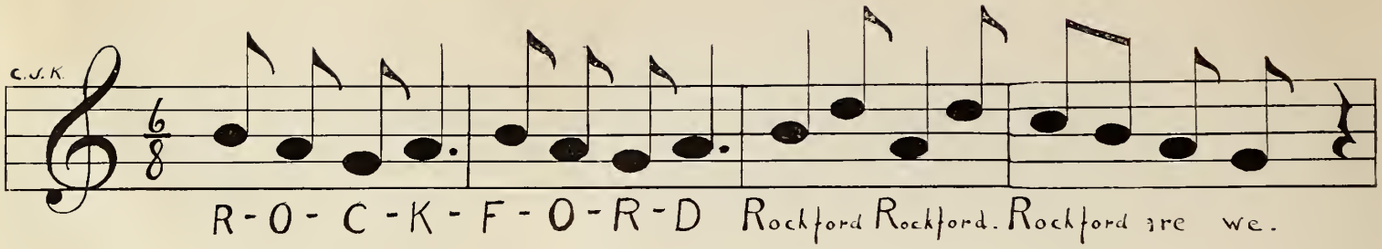
"So this is my first anniversary," she mused; "in two more years I shall be even less closely bound to the girls personally, but perhaps all the more closely to the Alma Mater herself, whose personality is the sum total of all those who have been sheltered within her warm walls."

Here the subdued tuning of banjos interrupted her meditation, and from the front steps floated the familiar strains of that old serenade, "She Sleeps, My Lady Sleeps." As the melody of those fresh young voices sounded in the quiet campus, now proclaiming that "they'd been workin' on the railroad," and now that they were "loyal to their own Alma Mater," the girl in her bare room felt for the first time alone, for this was not for her. She knew that up in the library was gathered a group of whispering girls who could distinguish whose was the rich baritone voice, and whose the

high tenor. She did not know, yet she was glad she had heard the serenade. Then, when "Goodnight, Ladies," was followed by a last cheer for Rockford and a final tribute to that neighboring college, she turned sleepily toward the hall to dream that she was a Junior throwing a Senior's commencement roses from the Gym. window to a football eleven in shining yellow suits, singing in the road below.

So, in her dream, she had her wish and was once more a part of that eventful and joyful college world. She was no longer the despised or respected "Old Girl."

—M. P. J.



Glee Club

THE past year marked the beginning of a new enterprise at Rockford College, the organization of a glee club, consisting of about sixty voices, trained by Mrs. Daisy Force Scott, head of the department of vocal music, assisted by Miss Parsons as accompanist. In addition to singing at all college functions, the club made three public appearances during the year. The first was a vesper service in the Second Congregational Church of Rockford at which Mrs. Scott, Mr. George Nelson Holt and Miss Mae Snyder assisted as soloists. This vesper service was repeated one week later at the First Congregational Church. The third appearance was an Old Folk's concert given in the Second Congregational Church. The club was assisted in this concert by Mrs. Scott, Mrs. Bollman, Mr. Myron Barnes, Mr. Carl Ross, Mr. Ross, Mr. Charles Olson and Mr. Harold Clark.

The success of the first year in the history of the organization has been due to the sympathetic and capable leadership of Mrs. Scott, and to the able accompanist, Miss Parsons. The club has contributed largely to the musical and social life of the college.

Fireside Talks

Isn't it Shakespeare or Mark Twain, who says in fine irony that eventually a woman's happiness centres in a fireside and a cat? Could Shakespeare have peered into the future and have seen our fireside and our cat, would he have made that caustic generalization? We wonder.

If Mr. Clemens could have spent a happy evening with us at our Friday evening talks, and maybe could have petted Miss Kingsbury's prize tabby, and could have thawed and beamed under the irresistible charm of a crackling blaze and a homey, happy lot of girls, would he, could he, go out into the cold, cold world and freeze into his old, cynical self again, and say trite things of a cat and a fireside and a woman's happiness? Hardly!

Our fireside talks are the best evenings in the week. There is a certain charm in a fireplace, a homey atmosphere, that makes everyone happy and contented and genial.

It has been our great pleasure to be entertained during the past year by Mrs. Etta Mardin, on "Education in Turkey;" Prof. Towney, of Beloit, on "The Epic of the Inner Life;" Prof. Hatfield, of Northwestern, on "New Wine in Old Bottles;" James Speed on "Nature Study;" Dr. Dana Munro, of the University of Wisconsin, on "Student Life in the Middle Ages;" and Mrs. Alice Peloubet Norton, of the University of Chicago, on "The Place of Domestic Science in the College Curriculum;" thus giving us a more beautiful perspective of life; showing us a broader world in science; and giving us a better knowledge of things than we could ever gain alone.

So we can all stand as the proving exception to that sarcastic statement, of doubtful origin, about a girl, a cat and a fireside.

Seniors

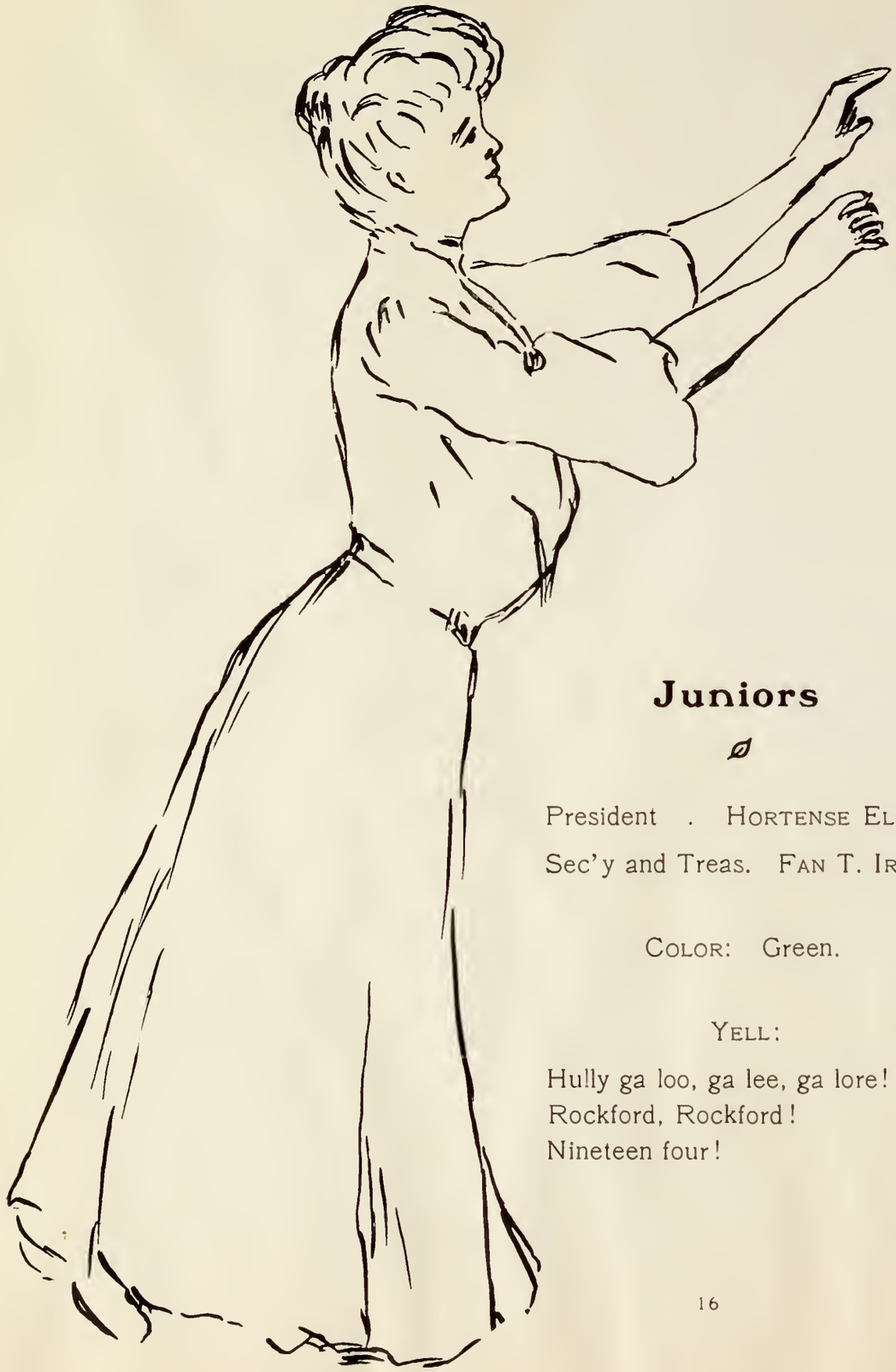
President . . . . . Cara F. Swenson

Secretary and Treasurer . . . . . Olive K. Raftree

Colors. Light blue and yellow.

Yell:

Hip za roo za roo za ree!
Hip za roo za roo za ree!
Hip za roo za roo za ree!
1 — 9 — 0 — 3



Juniors

President . Hortense Elder

Sec'y and Treas. Fan T. Irwin

Color: Green.

Yell:

Hully ga loo, ga lee, ga lore!
Rockford, Rockford!
Nineteen four!

Sophomores

President . . . . . Lulu Riedesel

Vice President . . . . . Mabelle Miller

Secretary and Treasurer . . . . . Alice Coonradt

Color: Crimson

Yell:

?

Freshmen

President . . . Avis Talcott

Sec'y and Treas. . Lydia G. Rogers

Color: Yellow.

Yell:

Naught six! naught six!
Tix, tix, tix,
Naught six,
Rah! Rah!

Preps.

President . . . . . We would like to know.
Vice President . . . . . We still would like to know.
Secretary . . . . . We want to know.
Treasurer . . . . . We still want to know.

COLORS: Nevertheless, inasmuch as we have never seen them floated, we cannot tell.

YELL:

"But you couldn't hardly notice it at all."

PREP. SONG:

"Baby's Fishing for a Dream."

A Modern Cicero

IT was night; and I was hard at work. Suddenly a cold, clammy hand was placed in mine and I beheld opposite me — ——— the manikin from the Science Lab. With a contemptuous glance—heightened by the gleam from his dissected eye—he stretched forth his left arm, from which the muscles hung in strips.

"Write as I dictate," came the command from his repulsive tongue. I obeyed. "How long, ye college maids, will ye continue to abuse your House Committee's patience? How long will your impudence balk them? To what end does your unrestrained audacity vaunt itself? Does not the vigilance of proctors, the fear of punishment, or the many house-meetings baffle you? Do you not see that your self-government is at stake?

"Oh the times! Oh the customs! Our president knows it, our girls all see it, yet it goes on. Goes on? Nay, more—it even flourishes and grows stronger. There *has* been—aye *has* been—once a time in this school when the faculty had control, but alas! 'tis a thing of the past. 'Twas in the days of yore! Have they allowed the edge of their authority to grow dull?

"A decree has gone forth severe and weighty; it is not the laws that are at fault; you—you—I say it openly—you students are at fault! You live, and you live not for abolishing, but for spreading the evils.

"Oh ye immortal gods—not one law violated, but many,—all. Do you dare deny it? Why are you silent? Here, *here*, right in your own members, your own hall, these vices flourish—midnight spreads, lights after tardy, whistling and shrieking in the halls, lateness to dinner and breakfast and so ——"

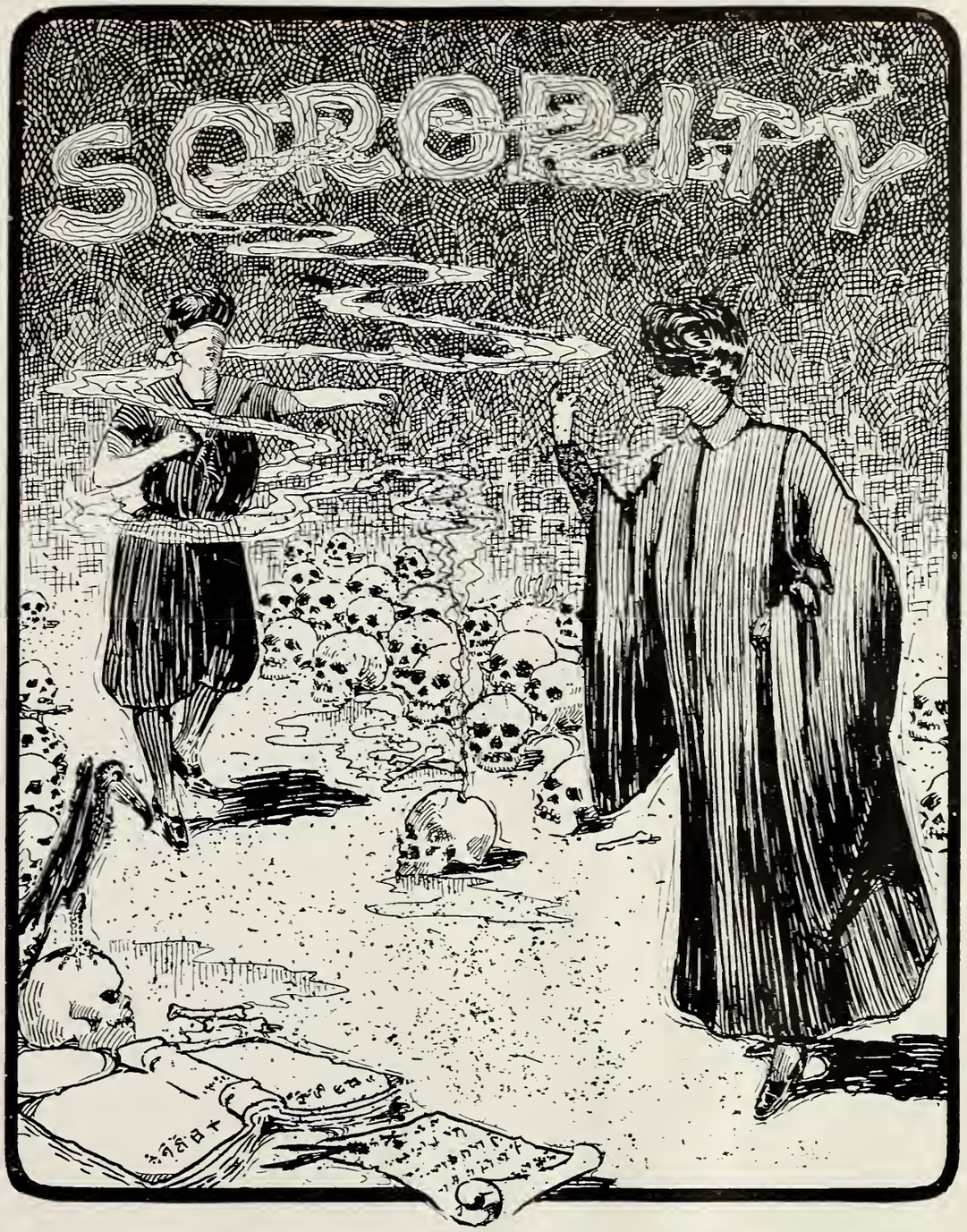
I made a noble effort to rise in defence of my beloved schoolmates. Something held me down, and with one mighty scream, I awoke.

Wisdom versus Folly

Once on a time the Wise and the Foolish lived together under one Roof, and the Wise sought to teach the Foolish both by Precept and by Example. But the Foolish took much Delight in the Vain Things of the World and refused to be led. Then suddenly Winter came upon them; the Snow fell and the Winds blew and lo! the Wise Ones lay nigh unto Death—smitten with the Grippe. Then up rose HER WISEST ONE OF ALL and hastening from Room to Room sought the Cause of this Sudden and Horrible Disaster. "Can it be, O Wise Ones," she exclaimed despairingly, "that you have followed the Example of your Vain and Frivolous Sisters? Can it be," and her Voice sank to a Whisper, "Can it be that you cling to Summer Garb and refuse to be Warm?" But the Wise Ones sadly shook their Heads, for they were Warmly and Unbecomingly clad; yea, even to Thick Hose and High Shoes and the Wise Ones murmured sadly, "Since there is no Cause there is no Hope and we must die." But THE WISEST ONE OF ALL urged them not to Despair. "Perhaps," she said, "even now One of the Foolish Ones languishes upon a Bed of Pain behind an Engaged Sign. If so, you have contracted it from her, for Grippe is the Most Contagious Disease known to Medical Science." Then she hastened away. She met many Foolish Ones hurrying from Building to Building in Elbow Sleeves, Perforated Hose and French Heels, every Face glowing with Health, and her most vigilant Search found No One whom the Dread Disease called His Own. Thus the Winter passed by and Spring found THE WISEST ONE OF ALL Haggard and Worn. But the Foolish Ones appeared Bright and Radiant, for had they not been Swell and at the same time Preserved their Health.

Fools rush in where Wise Ones fear to tread,
But, strange to say, the Fools come out ahead.

There is a man at old R. C.,
And he is wondrous "dandy,"
He trots around from morn till night,
And at his heels is Andy.


SORORITY

Kappa Theta

LEONA GAIL POWERS
CARA FRANCES SWENSON
HORTENSE ELDER
FANNIE A. NORTON
MINERVA AGNES HUTCHINSON
MABEL DOROTHEA SCHULTZ
HELEN ESTELLE JANES
ETHEL GEORGE
GALE PORTER
FLORENCE MYRTLE GREEN
LEILA JANES
CORA E. HOEFER
ESTELLE MARTIN
CATHERINE MCMENEMY
EDITH LEICH MASTERS
ANN ELIZABETH THOMAS
OLIVE CROFOOT

COLORS: Scarlet and silver.

YELL;

Zip, bang, gip, boom, bah!
Kappa Theta!
Rah!!

Booma lacka!
Booma lacka!
Booma lacka bi!
We are the Iota Eta Pi!
But
we
pre-
fer
shortcake!

Chi Theta Psi

Flora E. Eddy
Olive Keith Raftree
Bessie Brown
Marcia Van Duzer
Mary Penfield Sheldon
Alma Brown
Lydia Gardiner Rogers
Czarina Giddings
Marguerite Strong
Mary S. Hunter
Avis Talcott
Fannie Talcott Irwin
Elizabeth Clark Ward
Alice Twogood Coonradt
Marie L. Carter
Cousie Fox
Emma M. Chladek
Mabelle Jeanette Miller
Mina A. Clark
Lulu A. Riedesel
Carolyn Piper
Genevieve Thornely

Colors: Black and gold.

Yell:

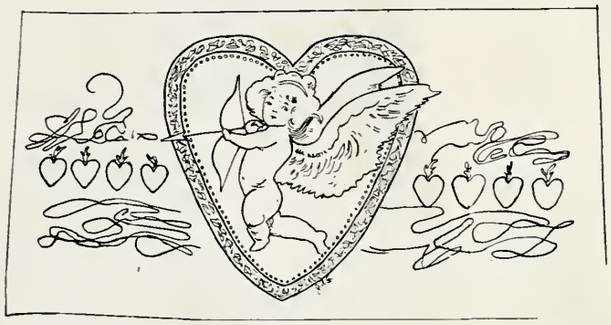
Hoo! Rah! Hi!!
Chi Theta Psi!
Rah! Rah!

Heard After the Old Folks' Concert

Hallelujah! give us a hand-out!
Hallelujah, amen!
Hallelujah! give us a hand-out,
We're hungry again.

Heard at the Street Carnival

"Have you seen her—Minnie the Wild Girl? Captured in the wilds of Madagascar—she feeds entirely on the raw flesh of——" "Oh, listen to the band!" "Aren't those band boys dears?" "Right here you will find them! Right this way! Every time you hit a nigger baby on the head, you get one five cent ——" "——Chance of your life time— seeing the automatic wonder—Chiquita, the living doll! You pull one string and——" "Pleasa lady me tella you fort—? Only costa twent centa——" "Chewing Candy! Chewing Candy! Freshly made every minute! If you try it once you'll never try any other——" "Have you been to the High Dive? If not you want to hurry!" "Confetti! Confetti! Everybody wants more Confetti! You'll find it right here— right now——" "Any time's a good time, but now is the best time to buy your tickets for the Country Store! The lucky number draws the greatest prize ever offered for——" "Have you tried it? A chance for every one——" "Do Uno the Snake Eater? If you don't you ought to! Bites off the——"



The Flower Pa

The flowers came in two by two,
A rose so pink and a corn-flower blue,
A daisy white, a sunflower tall,
A lily fair, a buttercup small.
The flowers came in three by three,
There was Jack-in-the-Pulpit as gay as could be
With his cousins the pansies and violets wee.
And just behind them, more and more,
The flowers they came in by the score—
The poppies red, the grasses green,
Two tiger lilies next were seen,
Four bleeding hearts all red and white,
Pinks, thistles, orchids, and tulips bright,
Gay apple blossoms and fragrant sweet peas,
And still we could name them with greatest ease
If we only thought our naming would please.

Washington Party

February Twenty-second

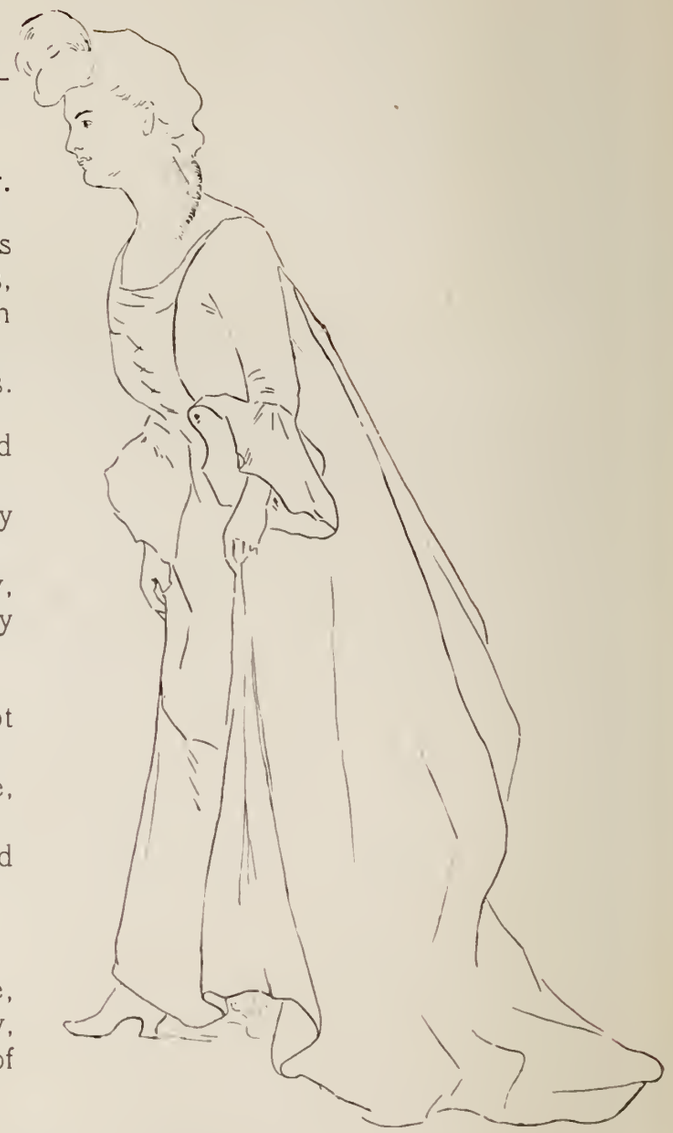
A song to the girl of the minuet,
With her flowered gown and powdered hair!
The college girl we quite forget,
As we watch her sister, quaintly fair.

A tiny patch, where the dimple plays
At hide and seek with her rosy lips,
To her gallant suitor fresh charm displays,
As he kisses those dainty finger tips.

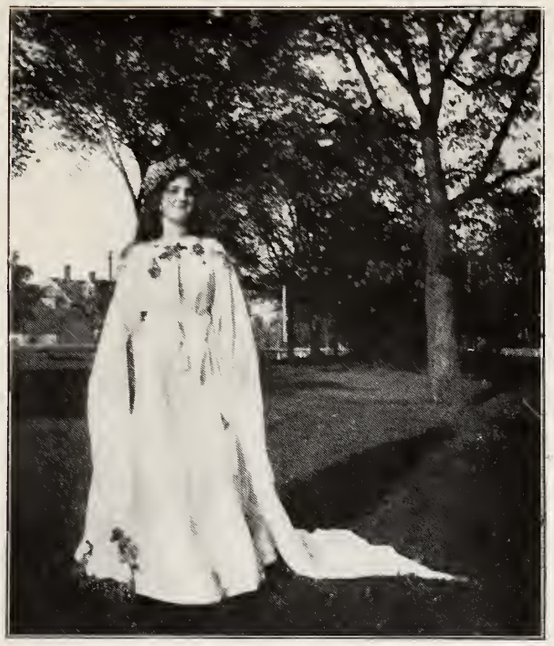
The buckles flash from her slippered toe,
As she poises there with stately grace,
To make the curtsies sweeping low,
That hide for a moment her dainty face.

For such a maiden, who would not dare
To take up arms and fight for fame,
If only the honor she would share,
And accept his offer of heart and name?

A toast to the dame of long ago!
To her we grant our highest praise,
For Washington himself, we know,
Would share with her this day of days.



—M. P. J. '02.



The May Festival

Oh ! mother, there were lots and lots of girls there, and they all had white dresses on except those that had pink, and some had their coats on, too.

They let me carry the wreath on a white, shiny pillow. I guess it was silk, and it was made of violets—just lots of violets sewed 'round a hole to make a hat without any top in it. The queen wears it. You know the queen is the prettiest and nicest girl there, and she had violets sewed all 'round her dress, too, and it was long and white, and she had some more little children to hold up her train when she came down the steps. She looked awful pretty. I looked 'round to see if they were coming and my wreath fell down and all the girls laughed; but the queen didn't; she picked it up and wasn't cross at all. I'd like to be a queen, but I can't, 'cause I'm going to be a king. But I'm going to marry a queen just like this one and I'm going to have a throne, too—that's what she sits on—under a big tree with lots and lots of pink flowers on it. Then when she got there the old queen—she isn't really old, only her dress wasn't so pretty—took my wreath and put it on the queen's head and kissed her. Then the new queen put a wreath of forget-me-nots on the old queen's head. Another boy, who had a sailor suit with real anchors on it, had this wreath and he dropped it twice.

Then everybody kissed the queen's hand. Her eyes were all shiny like yours are sometimes, and I liked her awfully well. Then they had the May dance with lots of purple and white streamers, round a tree, and the girls wove them all in and out, and it looked awfully nice, only there was a big girl in front of me and I couldn't see very well.

They kept kissing the queen's hand and seemed so sort of happy and glad. I should think they would be sorry they couldn't all be queens, but I guess they like the queen real well. Anyway, they all took her picture, and I was in it, too. They are going to send you one.

Mother, I wish you would be a queen sometime, and me carry the wreath. I'd like to try it on, though I don't suppose kings wear 'em. —M. P. J.

Sorority Plays

"She Stoops to Conquer"

A Comedy by Oliver Goldsmith

Presented by Kappa Theta, December 13, 1902

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Mrs. Hardcastle	Miss Elder
Miss Hardcastle	Miss Martin
Miss Neville	Miss Masters
Dolly	Miss L. Janes
Sir Chas. Marlow	C. McMenemy
Young Marlow	G. Porter
Hastings	A. E. Thomas
Hardcastle	K. E. George
Servant / Mat. Muggins	L. Janes
Tony Lumpkin	L. G. Powers
Jack Slang / Simon	M. A. Hutchinson
Ralph	F. A. Norton
Jeremy / Roger	H. E. Janes
Tom Twist	C. E. Hoefer
Stingo (landlord)	O. Crofoot
Diggory	M. D. Schultz

SYNOPSIS

ACT I. Scene 1. A room in Mr. Hardcastle's old mansion.
Scene 2. Public room in the ale house.
ACT II. Scene 1. Parlor in Mr. Hardcastle's house.
ACT III. Scene 1. Parlor in Mr. Hardcastle's house.
ACT IV. Scene 1. Parlor in Mr. Hardcastle's house.
ACT V. Scene 1. Parlor in Mr. Hardcastle's house.
Scene 2. Garden in rear of Mr. Hardcastle's mansion.
Scene 3. A room in Mr. Hardcastle's mansion.

"An Ivory Miniature"

A Play by Czarina J. Giddings

Presented by Chi Theta Psi, April 17, 1903

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Mrs. Diller	Miss Biller
Marion Richards	Miss Irwin
Florence Wakefield	Miss Raftree
Evelyn Wakefield	Miss Miller
Mammy	Miss Rogers
Colonel Richards	M. S. Hunter
Laurence Maxwell	C. J. Giddings
Wakefield	E. C. Ward
Leigh Carter	E. M. Chladek
Ned	L. A. Riedesel
Griggs (a deserter)	F. E. Eddy
Soldiers, Union	E. L. Jamieson
	A. L. Coonradt
	M. B. Snyder
	A. H. Olson
	B. Brown
	A. Talcott
Union Officer	G. Thornely
Piccaninny	Marie Goodrich
Southern Soldier	M. L. Carter

SYNOPSIS

ACT I. Place: Sitting room in Colonel Richard's house.
Time: Morning of a day two weeks before end of Civil War.
ACT II. Place: A Northern Camp.
Time: Evening of same day.
ACT III. Place: Kitchen in Col. Richard's house.
Time: Following morning.
ACT IV. Place: Sitting room in Col. Richard's house.
Time: Few days later.
ACT V. Place: Sitting room in Col. Richard's house.
Time: A few days later,

The Palm Garden

I know an old lady,—
Not the one in the shoe,—
With dozens of daughters,
But she knows what to do.
She feeds them and scolds them
And gives them advice,
While clothed in her white robe
And cap she looks nice.

This little old lady,
'Tis sad to relate,
This Spring has receded
Into a sad state.
She owns a palm garden
(With three palms at least)
Where nothing is lacking
Save the usual feast.

It is blooming with pansies,
And gay with red flowers,
While vines running riot
Increase with the hours.
Instead of the tables
All shining and bright,
A barrow of posies
Stands there in plain sight.

And the little old lady,
With trowel in h
In the midst garden
Each dav .er stand.
Bu the viands
That tne name woul .ply,
She gives a gay posy
To each passerby.

The Twentieth Century Version

Bluff! For the day you conquer Freshman Fright,
And gain a name for working late at night,
Shall make your Sophomore hours a dream of ease,
And render even Junior Burdens light.

All hours a dozen lessons bring, you say;
Yes, but forget what you learned yesterday.
To-morrow will efface to-day's Exam.,
And take the bitter of the Flunk away.

Come, eat the Spread, and join the Festive Ring;
You know not but to-morrow's Mail may bring
A Check to buy a Senior's cast-off Theme
To save you thus from writing anything.

A Jar of Olives plucked from off the bough,
A stein of Milk, a Pan of Fudge—and Thou
To sit beside me singing college songs—
Oh this, indeed, were Paradise enow.

Alas! that Joy should vanish when we close
The college doors behind us. Each one knows
How little of the book lore will remain;
That time will soon her Ignorance expose.

Would but some kind professor seize the slate
That bears those gloomy records which relate
In what we've failed, in what we've gained the prize,
Then deftly change each three into an eight!

Then when, O fond Alumna, you shall pass
Among the Freshmen cooking o'er the gas,
I bid you pause and point to them the spot
Which you made once—a token of your class.

—M. P. J. '02

Domestic Science

Oh! my dear, if you could only see me!! One scald! Three cuts!! Five burns!!! To say nothing of the stuff I have spilled on my apron and the holes I have burned in my dress! I seemed fated from the moment I entered the Dom. Sci. Lab. this afternoon. We were making yellow cake and pudding sauce, and we wanted it especially nice because we were going to have visitors.

Well, nothing seemed to go right. If I picked up a spoon, I immediately dropped it; if I took up a knife, I cut myself; I spilled flour, I upset milk. I broke the yellow of an egg in with the white. I left the spoon in the sauce-pan until it was so hot that I have a lovely burn on every finger of my hand. Not content with burning myself, in taking the pan off the stove, I let the handle turn and spilled every drop on my apron, on my dress, on the floor, on the stove, anywhere, everywhere!! While I was performing thus my cake burned and in my haste to rescue it I knocked against another girl and upset a whole bowl of beaten white of egg——, fortunately on myself instead of on her.

These are a few of my trials. I really could almost fill a book with the rest of them but I shall have compassion on you.

Of course this isn't an every-day occurrence, but it seemed my luck; and, since it afforded amusement to the other people, I suppose I should be content.

Your Much-Mutilated Sister.

Program

Exhibition of Scientific Cookery and its Results

BY THE

Department of Domestic Science, Assisted by the
Departments of Art and Music

AT THE CLOSE OF THE

Winter Term, March 18, 1904.

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1. Demonstration by a Cook in Complete Costume with Model Outfit.
   [Costume and grouping especially designed by the Head of the Department of Art.]
2. Bread-making—Drill accompanied by Music.
3. Competitive Trial in Cake-making.
   [Prize: A Clark's Crispy Toaster.]
4. A Model Dinner—Pantomime.
5. "Before and After Taking" the Domestic Science Course—Tableaux.
   (a) The Kitchen Before. (b) The Family Group Before.
   (a1) " " After. (b1) " " " After.
6. Illuminated Statistics, showing
   (a) The Growth of Domestic Science.
   (b) The Increase in Length of Life and in Physical and Mental Vigor in the State of Illinois, since the Introduction of Domestic Science into Colleges and Universities.

N. B. At the close of the exercises, specimens of cooking done by the class in Domestic Science will be offered for inspection (but not for sampling.)

THE DAY AFTER THE DOMESTIC SCIENCE SPREAD

A Warbler's Wrangle

WATCHED them from my window. *He* was terribly agitated, while *she* seemed to smile at his folly and irritate him the more.

"Twitt, twitt, *ter*, twitt-ter," he called up to her. She balanced herself on the little twig, cocked her head to one side, but answered never a word. He hopped angrily forward and raised a ruffled wing threateningly. "Twitt-twitt-*er* ter ter," he cried.

She watched him scornfully and then appealed to the world at large. "Twee-twee, was there ever such a man, twee, twee, because the tailor bird sends in the bill, *he* blames me, his wife, twee-ee!" and she looked for sympathy from a great green worm on an opposite branch and turned her back on her lord.

He sputtered and fumed and was profanely silent, but whatever he said, or whatever he did, it disturbed not his lady at all, at all. She glanced into a shiny leaf to see if the tailor-bird's work was well done, or she flirted outrageously with the great green worm, and when he would call, "Twet-twitt-twitt-*er*," she'd mockingly trill back, "Er-r, er-r, er-r-r-r, er!" and swing in her leafy home.

"Was there ever such a wife?" he shrilled.

"Was there ever *such* a man?" she sang, and then threw a kiss to him over her wing and flew away—perhaps to a bird bargain sale.

—M. S. '06.

Out in a dreamland, Mabel—
What her dreams were, we don't know—
Near, her roommate lay and pondered
How far would her money go?
From her revery she was startled;
Foolish Mabe! Such thoughts to mar,
"That isn't the way you spell his name,
It's spelled with a double r."

The Mother

WE come to her many times a year, a month, a day, and she is always ready, always there with the light on her hair and a light we cannot fully know in her eyes—and the pearls of comfort in her hand, always. We may come to her with a rush and a careless laugh, holding foolishly high our cups of love and truth and the joy of living, spilling in clusters of rainbow beauty the overflowing bubbles of youth. Or we may steal in quietly, the joy all spilled and our cups so empty that the sun throws only a shadow, and a tear runs down like a frightened thing.

But, however we come, or whenever we come, she is always ready, and into each cup she drops a pearl. And we catch our breath, for the bubbles spread and are still as it rests there a moment, so full of peace, so tranquil, so pure! Then it sinks lightly, but it is not lost, for as the sun-bubbles come again in their red and gold exuberance, each one reflects that pearl lovingly, reverently, and we know the Master of Life has planned it all.

Rockford College

We belong to Rockford College,
The College of the West,
We shout for dear old Rockford,
The highest and the best.
We are striving, ever striving
To shed abroad her light,
While we wave her colors brilliant,
The purple and the white.

She has stood for years full fifty,
In forty-nine begun,
And many are her students
Who have mingled work and fun.
And for fifty years and fifty,
Will she flourish ever bright,
While we wave her colors brilliant,
The purple and the white.

There is a College of renown, of renown,
The pride of good old Rockford town, Rockford town,
Fame swings her praises everywhere,
For none with her can quite compare.

Chorus:

She's a College enterprising,
Expectations realizing,
As she keeps serenely rising
To the top, tip top.
Hurrah, the purple and the white,
the purple white!
Hurrah, they dazzle every sight,
every sight!
We will lift them up till the wondering
world shall know
That we belong to Rockford, Oh!

Full many a man of gallant mien,
gallant mien,
Bewildered by a passing dream,
passing dream,
Has registered at Rockford, Oh!
The list is there, in black, you know.

From Mount Olympus old and gray,
old and gray,
Those pristine gods have moved away,
moved away
With nymphs and graces from afar,
To seek the Rock, and here they are.

Purple and White

A song to the white and the purple,
The colors so proudly we wear,
The banner that floats in the sunlight,
Whose fortunes we loyally share.

Chorus—

Rockford, Rockford!
Here's to her colors so fair and bright!
Rockford, Rockford!
Here's to the purple and white!

A song to her campus inviting,
Where sympathy gleams like a star,
Where sunshine dispels every shadow,
And sadness is driven afar.

Rockford, Rockford!
Here's to her campus so fair and bright!
Rockford, Rockford!
Here's to the purple and white!

A song to our college days golden,
Full freighted with work and with play,
All fragrant with friendship unsullied,
They sped on their swift wings away.

Rockford, Rockford!
Here's to her college days fair and bright,
Rockford, Rockford!
Here's to the purple and white!

A song to the future, no matter
What fortune may send us, you know
We stand by old Rockford forever,
And praise her wherever we go.

Rockford, Rockford!
Here's to her future so fair and bright!
Rockford, Rockford!
Here's to the purple and white!

Won't You be Sorry?

Won't you be sorry when you've left your dear R. C.
And never will return there any more?
For Andy 'll still be waltzing 'round those halls as oft before,
To fill the empty pitcher at the door.

Won't you be sorry when you've left
your dear R. C.
And never will see Doctor any more,
For there still will be quinine and brown
pills and things galore,
When she sees the slippered feet there
at the door.

Won't you be sorry when you've left your dear R. C.
And the tinkle of that bell you'll hear no more,
When you've gone down late to breakfast as the clock was
striking nine,
"*And where would I be while you're a-doing it?*"

Our dear old King was a merry old soul,
And a merry old soul was she,
All day she'd sit,
And busily knit,
At her side the kittens three.

Before and After Taking Archaeology

WHEN I came back to Rockford last fall, I was much impressed by one of the Freshmen, whom I met. She was an unusually pretty girl, round, plump and well-fed looking; a friend to everyone, ready to say something jolly to anyone who felt like listening, yet not at all "fresh." The more I saw the girl, the better I liked her and I determined not to lose sight of her. But as the term went on, my senior duties inevitably separated me from "my Freshman." I saw her only occasionally as we met on the way to the dining room or to vespers.

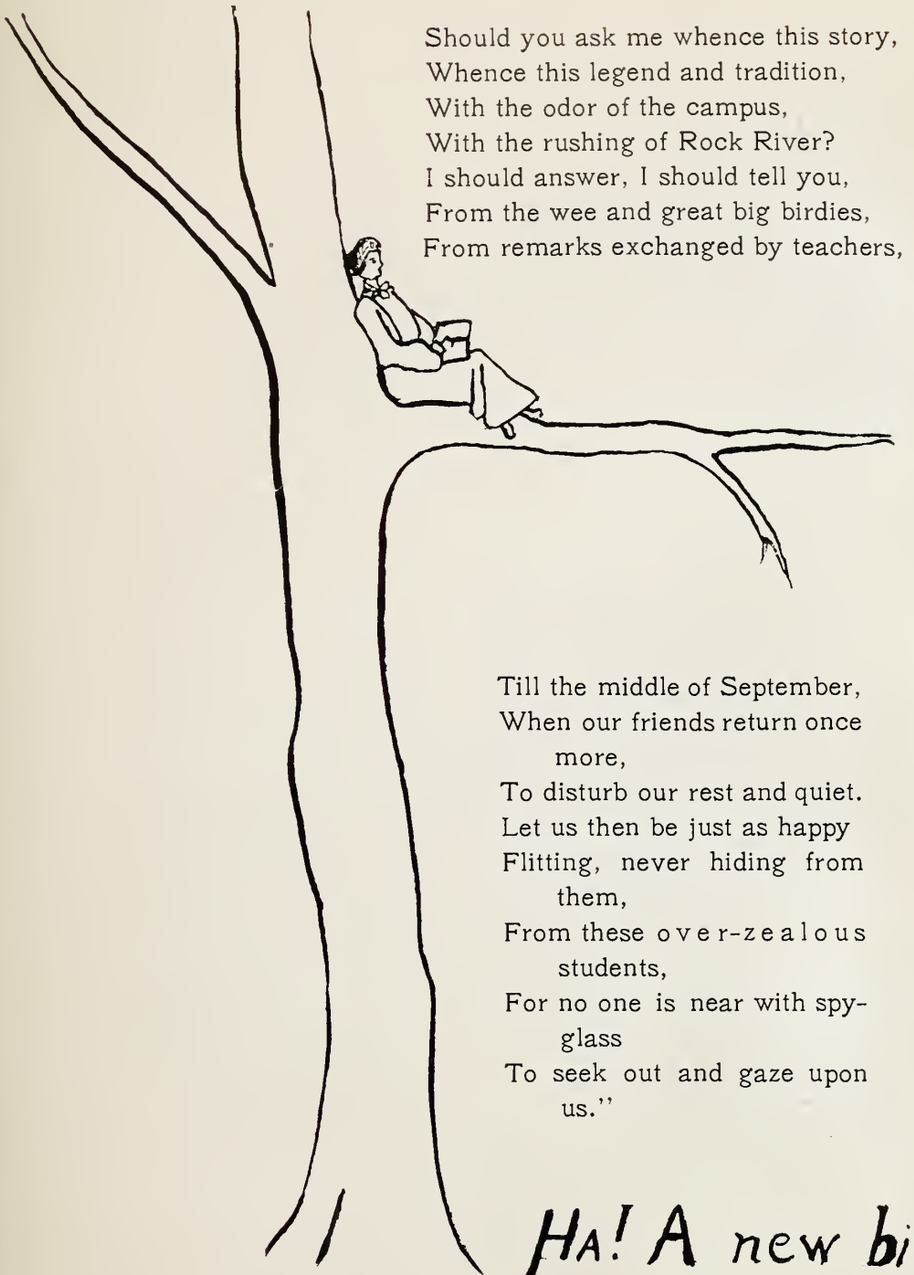
One evening, shortly before the Christmas holidays, as I was coming down the hall humming a bit of "Dolly Varden" to myself, I saw a bent figure crawling up the steps toward the library, hands shaking with palsy, reached out toward me. Two bleared, bloodshot eyes glared from between yellowish parchment cheeks, around which straggled locks of whitish hair. Could it be that the college skeleton had escaped from its closet? But a familiar giggle reassured me, and I exclaimed, throwing my arms around the horrible figure, "Mabel Dorothea Clara Maria Frederika Rosina! Is it you?" "Hush!" was the whispered answer, "I'm on my last note book! I've been taking archæology! I've seen Pagan and Christian Rome with Lanciani, I've ruined and excavated Rome, I've walked through Rome with Middleton and seen the remains of Ancient Rome. I've studied Augustus and Septimus, Servius with Spartianus and Suetonius, and am now finishing my sixth note book!" She sank gradually to the floor, and as I lifted her head, she murmured:

"In coffins vile, the herd of slaves
Were hither brought to crowd their graves;
And once in this detested ground,
A common tomb the vulgar found.

But now we'll breathe a purer air
And walk the sunny library fair,
Where once the floor with bones was white,
With human bones, a ghastly sight."

Apologies to Francis.

There is a young miss named Galula,
The funniest girl in the school-a;
To tease and to chaff,
To make people laugh,
Is the aim of aspiring Galula.

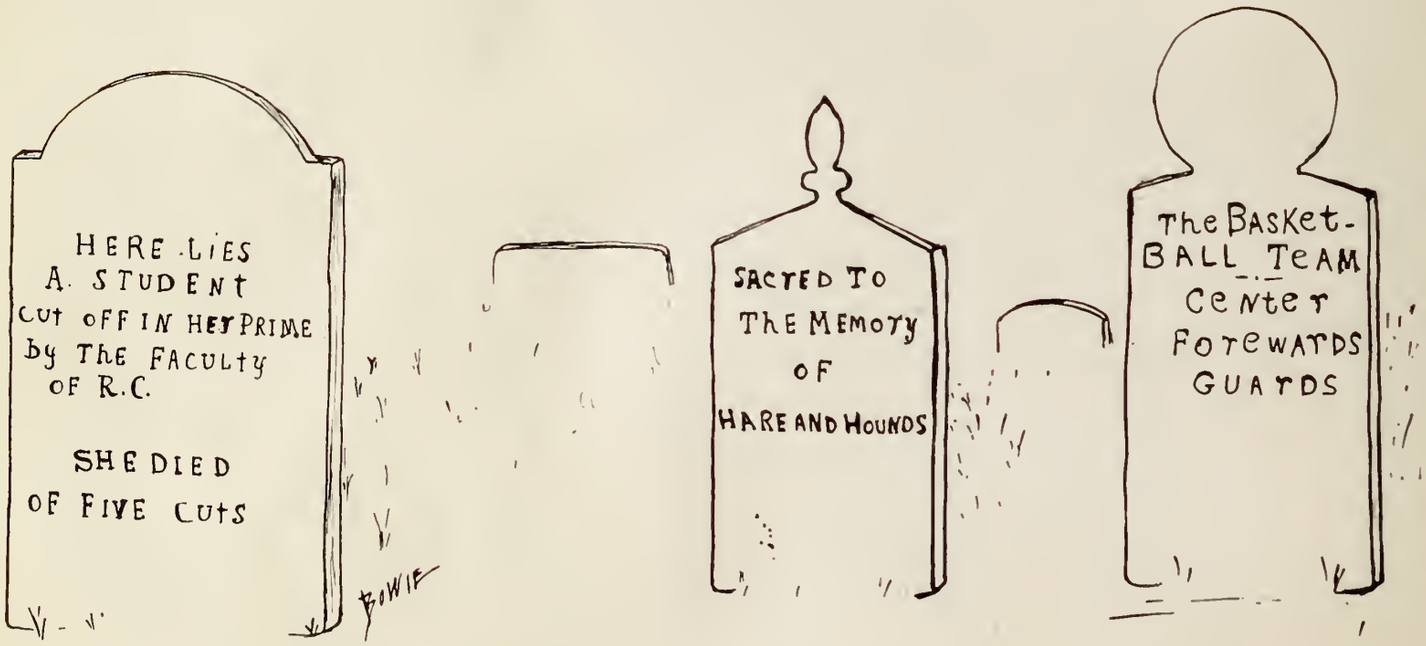


Should you ask me whence this story,
Whence this legend and tradition,
With the odor of the campus,
With the rushing of Rock River?
I should answer, I should tell you,
From the wee and great big birdies,
From remarks exchanged by teachers,
From the laughing words of students.
Every morning stretching skyward
We may see instructors gaping
Wondering whether little robin
Will see fit to show herself.
Almost all that they behold there
Are the bright eyes, oh so timid,
Wishing (if they did but know it)
To be left in peace and quiet.
When the day of the Commencement
Has passed by and "facs" have scattered
This is what you hear from tree-tops,
From the bushes, flowers and woodbine;
"Oh how careless now we may be

Till the middle of September,
When our friends return once more,
To disturb our rest and quiet.
Let us then be just as happy
Flitting, never hiding from them,
From these over-zealous students,
For no one is near with spy-glass
To seek out and gaze upon us."

HA! A new bird on the campus!

Our College Cemetery



SLAMS

A Typical Physiology Exam.

I. Give names, number and composition of the teeth of a gale.

II. Describe in full the schlerotic coat, cornea, contractile aperture, refracting media, and biconvex capsular body found in the eye of a needle.

III. (a) Give number, names and position of the ribs on the sides of a question. (b) Give names and position of the bones in the jaws of death.

IV. What are the uses of the axial skeleton, zygapophysis and vertebral oponuerosis in the back of a book?

V. Locate and describe the helix, ossicles, auditory meatus and calcareous skeletal plates in the integument of an ear of corn.

We Wonder

What she ate in Rome?

Who hazed Sarah?

When is the Annual coming out?

Why Jessie Isadorable?

What the '05 yell is?

Who is the caller?

What is a crush?

Where is '05's class spirit?

Where our bamboo tree grows?

Where the faculty valentines came from?

What is the gas bill?

Who was her "mother?"

Don'ts for Future "Man Dances"

1. Don't begin to plan it more than six weeks ahead.
2. Don't hold more than three meetings a day for planning.
3. Don't get so excited over the unusual function that you neglect both studies and exercise.
4. Don't plan too extensive decorations or refreshments. It may take more than a five dollar assessment.
5. Don't ruin your eyesight earning the where-with-all. Rather economize on your allowance.
6. Don't say you haven't anything to wear when there's a girl in school with two dresses.
7. Don't be discouraged if the first "man" invited can't come. Ask a Beloit "man!!"
8. Don't make out your program till you are sure of your "man."
9. Don't save more than two-thirds of the dances for your own "man." Be unselfish.
10. Don't lose any sleep over the matter, and, moreover, don't give vent to your feelings in your sleep.
11. Don't fail to remind your "man" that the table in Middle Hall may prove treacherous if used as a chair.
12. Don't invite a man who can't dance. It complicates matters and causes discomfort.
13. Don't mind if your "man" doesn't arrive until the first four dances are over. There may be method in his madness.
14. Don't promenade down to the river. You may fall in.
15. Don't sit out the dances; remember you are paying for the music, and

DON'T, OH, DON'T, STAY AWAY FROM THE "MAN DANCE."

Ward B

Our Bess, she vas von kiggling girl,
Her kiggle dot's infectious.
She vould disturb dot saddest mood,
Vhenever she sat next us.

To Madison she vas invite,
Her gown, dot vas shust out of sight,
Mit dose lace tings all trimmed around,
Und shirring for von swell background.

Dem fellers dey vas mootch erstaunt,
Dot schwell girl to encounter,
But vhen to kiggle she began,
Den dey vas mootch erstaunter.

Dey took her back unto dose train,
To Rockford den dey schick her;
Und vhen she ask for vhy dis vas,
"For uns too mootch you snicker."

There once was a girl named Gale,
Whose locks were both feeble and pale;
Why! her hair was so white,
You would think at first sight,
That it must have been bought at a sale.

We have a wise house committee
Who ever sing this same ditty,
When on any floor
You open a door:
"Shut that or you'll get your exittee."

Said one old to one young, "Don't abbrev.
If you do you are apt to deceive;
And, besides, you'll pay dear,
(I know from exper.)
For having the rep. you'll achieve."

There was a fair maid at R. C.,
And bright as the brightest was she;
But, like many a folk,
When it came to a joke,
Her expression was blank as could be.

Here's to our Junior, Hortense,
Though a girl of good judgment and sense,
How oft in her chat
This sentence falls flat,
"Why, *I* believe *I* could make that, make that,
Why, *I* believe *I* could make that."

Here comes our tall maiden from Blair,
Who wears "birdies and rats" in her hair,
And whenever she speaks,
'Tis with laughter and shrieks,
Till the proctors all run in despair.

Quotations

F. Dodge: " Variety is the spice of life."

L. Janes: " I'm but a stranger here, heaven is my home."

A. Monrad: " Poor prattler, how thou talkest."

M. Miller: " And thou hast sworn on every slight pretense."

C. Giddings: "All the earth with thy voice is loud."

A. Coonradt: " For her nose was sharp as a pen."

F. Irwin: "To live, to sleep—no more."

B. Mathieson: " Proud and haughty; scorner is her name."

F. Green: " I will sing unto the Lord as long as I live."

Remorse

A man sat down one sultry noontide hot,
And wished that he could find a real cold spot.
A cyclone came with stormy sweeping blast,
And of this heated land he saw the last.

It blew him straight to Greenland's icy shore,
Where black and white and shaggy bears galore
Are standing round to chew and swallow men,
And then he wished that he was back again.

—E. B. '06

Dinner.

One to make ready, two for to run,
Three to stand waiting, and four for the fun.

Cara's hair was flaxen,
Cara's eyes were blue,
Cara's name was Swenson,
"Swede" they called her, too.

Kittie pulling at the weights,
Pulling minus spunk,
Never for a moment thought,
Dunny her would flunk.

The day was cold and dark and dreary,
As Olive pondered wan and weary,
Thinking, thinking, thinking,
Where on earth to dry her hair.
Suddenly it flashed upon her,
To the cupalo to wander,
Dreaming, dreaming, dreaming,
Little dreaming what was there.

Glee Club Election.

When each one votes for President,
And her nomination makes,
Her unformed thoughts are always bent,
By the stand her leader takes.

There was a young maiden so wise,
Her ideals reached to the skies,
She read Schopenhauer
All up in a tower,
And learned by heart Emerson's lies.

Smoke, smoke, smoke,
From the glucose chimneys tall;
And we would that our tongues could utter
The thoughts that arise in us all.

Smell, smell, smell,
On glucose or paper-mill day;
And we wish that a good, kind wind would come,
And blow it another way.

The question has been raised,
Why was that girl so hazed,
That girl who used to sing in
Middle Hall?
They tried to change her taste,
For she had so small a waist,
That you couldn't hardly
Notice it at all.

Oh, dear old Andrew,
Where have you ran to
With that old bucket of thine?
Is it your wife,
Kinder or strife,
Which hinders the filling of mine?

Lunch.

Ring out, wild bells, and stop our woe,
Ring crazy bells, get up your speed;
We girls are dying for our feed,
Ring out, late bells and let us go.

Commencement

June 12-17, 1903

ANNUAL REUNION OF MUSIC ALUMNÆ

Friday Afternoon, in Middle Hall

CELEBRATION OF FOUNDER'S DAY

Saturday Evening, in Chapel Hall

BACCALAUREATE SERVICE

Sunday Morning, in Second Congregational Church

Organ Prelude
Anthem, "The Lord Said" (*Tours*)
Invocation and Lord's Prayer
Responsive Reading and Gloria
Solo, "He is Kind, He is Good" (*Massenet*)
Hymn, "A Mighty Fortress"
Scripture Lesson
Anthem, "The Lord is My Light" (*Parker*)
Pastoral Prayer, Choir Response
Hymn, "Spirit of God"
Sermon, Baccalaureate, Rev. F. E. Dewhurst
Prayer
Hymn, "Lead Us, O, Father"
Benediction
Organ Postlude

VESPER SERVICE

Sunday Evening, in Middle Hall

COMMENCEMENT CONCERT

Monday Evening, in Chapel Hall

CLASS DAY EXERCISES

Tuesday Morning, in Chapel Hall

Song of the Class of '03
President's Address, Cara Swenson
Song to Rockford College
Tree Planting
Tree Song
Spade Address, Marcia Van Duzer
Farewell Song

CLASS PLAY

Tuesday Evening, on the Campus

The Tempest

ALONZO, King of Naples . . . . . Catherine McMenemy
SEBASTIAN, his brother . . . . . Lulu Riedesel
PROSPERO, the rightful Duke of Milan . . . . . Gail Powers
ANTONIO, his brother, the usurping Duke of Milan . . . . . Flora Eddy
FERDINAND, son of the King of Naples . . . . . Gale Porter
GONZALO, an honest old counsellor of Naples . . . . . Marcia Van Duzer
CALI VAN, a savage and deformed slave . . . . . Mabel Schultz
TRINCULO, a jester . . . . . Helen Janes
STEPHANO, a drunken butler . . . . . Alice Coonradt
MIRANDA, a daughter to Prospero . . . . . Olive Raftree
ARIEL, an airy spirit . . . . . Cara Swenson
IRIS, CERES, JUNO . . . . . Fan Irwin, Bessie Mathieson, Marie Goodrich
NYMPHS . . . . . Eva Jamieson, Edith Masters, Fannie Norton, Lydia Rogers, Hortense Elder, Janet Dobson, Mabelle Miller, Elizabeth Hislop, Estelle Martin

COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES

Wednesday Morning, in Chapel Hall

Solo, Miss Emily Parsons
Selections from Emerson, Rev. F. H. Bodman
Solo, Mr. George Nelson Holt
Prayer, Rev. P. M. Snyder
Address, Miss Jane Addams
Solo, Mrs. Daisy Force Scott
President's Address to Graduating Class
Miss Julia H. Gulliver
Song, Mrs. Scott and Mr. Holt
Doxology

ALUMNÆ DINNER AND REUNION

Saturday Noon, in Chapel Hall

Violets for Remembrance

ALTOGETHER it had been rather a hard day. Jackie had pulled Baby's hair until Baby had made desperate efforts to swallow the button hook. The connection was remote but it served, and when we found Baby she was black in the face and—the button hook was lost to sight.

It seemed to me so ordinary, so hopelessly commonplace. Everyone's baby, doubtless, had shown sooner or later a taste for uneatable button hooks. Every Jackie had, I suppose, in the course of his youth, pulled Baby's hair. I had hoped in my college days, when hopes are high, that my children would develop some signs of originality. Naughtiness is tiresome at best, but to have my babes behave in the regulation naughty way, was unpardonable. Still, when you look at Baby, you can forgive almost everything. She is, of course, the prettiest baby in the world, with big blue eyes and short, fluffy, indescribable curls, and a mouth that one wants to kiss all the time.

I rock her crib slowly and watch the faint rise and fall of the coverlet as Baby sweetly sleeps. That coverlet, how I prize it! I can read a loving thought in every stitch worked into that bunch of violets, for my college chum made it for me, and those are Rockford violets worked on the white silk right by Baby's wee pink fists.

Baby's breath comes in long trembling sighs, and as the violets dance and quiver before me I seem to go back many years and hear thousands of tiny voices softly whispering in the twilight to me and a voice, the voice of a violet which seems louder than the rest, yet soft and alluring, begins:

"You remember it was after the big game. Northwestern was yelling itself hoarse, and thumping great, mighty thumps on Chicago's back, and Chicago, like the thorough gentleman he was, thumped back just as cordially.

"The whole world was there in happy, laughing bunches, it seemed to one girl,—a girl who stood apart from the rest, watching it all. She carried a huge bunch of purple violets that made her violet eyes more violet still as they looked over it and out from under a broad sun hat that tried to hide her face, and as Jack Howard came up the steps from the field and saw that laughing face under the broad-brimmed sun hat, and met two beautiful violet eyes, he stopped and forgot he was looking for his sister's chum, forgot everything but that there were Northwestern's colors and he must answer them. What loyal man wouldn't?" pleaded the violet voice.

Baby turned uneasily and opened her big blue eyes. The whispering voice waited until she closed them again, and went on.

" The girl laughed gently and then cried in a rush, 'Isn't it glorious, GLORIOUS?' Jack, still

looking deep into his college colors, echoed, 'Glorious!' 'The game, I mean,' panted the girl.' Ah, I thought it fine! I called and called for Northwestern and,—well, it has been the best day in all my life.'

" 'You are for Northwestern,' at random—he wanted to hear her voice again.

" 'Yes,' she nodded confidentially. 'You see I'm with Nelle Howard and her brother is captain of that team,' and the girl looked proudly up at him over the violets. 'Then'—Jack looked over the violets, too—'then you wore the violets for Northwestern?' 'No,' she teased, 'violets are neutral. Don't they teach color schemes at Northwestern? They have red hearts you know—'

" 'May I not keep them,' he asked, 'and make them Northwestern's?'

" 'But I——'

" 'Just a loan,' he begged. 'I will return them tonight if I must. You will surely be at the hop,' and he smiled wisely, for he knew he was to meet his sister's chum at the hop, and then of course—''

* * *

There was a rush and racket below and Jackie's voice drowned out the violet's whisper. "Oh Mommer, Mommer,'' he called, coming up the stairs, "see what Daddie's brought,'' and he burst into the room, holding out both hands, filled with Rockford violets.

So—Jack had remembered that day, too!

L'Envoi

PRESIDENT GULLIVER

IT is as though we were all gathered together around the fireplace in Reception Hall—a great family party, all the cosier and warmer for the chill of the early autumn night without.

The walls are tapestried with summer visions, rich and of infinite variety. From my corner I see islands, coves, bays, arms of the sea winding in and out of greens that now sing softly together and now shout aloud for joy. Out on the mirror-surface of the water into the rose of the sunset, go the little boats with gleam of sail or rhythmic rise and fall of oar. Against the darkening sky of the east, the fir-trees silhouette themselves delicately, and the water at their feet engraves their image in its innermost depths, point for point. Through some subtle magic of association, healing fragrances come wafting toward us; come also the fairy chimes of hermit thrush, as chary of publicity as the new Pope.

Yonder is another scene—a breakfast table, where every morning a gentleman with hair pure white and genial face appears, and every morning he has in his hands wild roses, one for his wife and one for each of the other guests who happen to be his companions. In sunshine or rain, whether fair or foggy, he always brings the benediction of the roses. Not wantonly culled, those blossoms; rather selected with care to avoid picking any premature buds that should also have their chance to bless the world with beauty. Anent this, the voice of a friend comes to my ears wondering whether the fir balsams mind having their finger tips cut off for fir balsam pillows. There breathes out of these tapestries a certain tenderness for the wild-flowers and the wild-woods, a certain sensitiveness causing one to refrain from the profuse gathering that leaves roadside and hillside bared for all later comers of their brave pageantry in scarlet, in crimson or in gold. They bring to mind the loving portraiture of Monseigneur Bienvenu in Les Miserables, who was indulgent toward God's creation, and who seemed to have weighed this saying of Ecclesiastes: "Who knoweth whither the soul of the animal goeth?" One morning he was walking in his garden supposing himself to be alone; but his sister, following unobserved behind him, saw him pause and gaze at something on the ground; it was a large, black spider; and she heard him say, "Poor beast! it is not its fault."

A family party—this: trustees, faculty, alumnæ, students, are gathered here. Better than pictured dream or story is the kindliness, the wisdom, the unselfish devotion of the older faces, the loveliness and beauty of the younger ones. With grateful hearts we think of the minute supervision, the patient care all through the vacation days that has made our new chapel possible. We are filled with new courage and hope as we catch the friendly glance of those who have been

drawn hither by the love of their Alma Mater, and who have brought with them other children to be nurtured by the same mother. How good it is to look upon them all—our Alumnæ, wives, teachers, physicians, librarians — intelligent, influential and happy! Rockford has reason to delight in her own. One face there is of such spiritual power that it seems to gather into itself and embody the best for which Rockford can hope to stand. To her applies Victor Hugo's description of Monseigneur Bienvenu, to which we have already referred: "He lived without disdain. * * Hideousness of aspect, deformity of instinct troubled him not, and did not arouse his indignation. He was touched, almost softened by them. It seemed as though he went thoughtfully away to seek beyond the bounds of the life which is apparent, the cause, the explanation, or the excuse for them." Happy the college that counts Jane Addams among its graduates!

Upon her younger sisters, who form the present student-body of the college, we believe that something of her mantle has fallen in their efforts to attain a refined and self-controlled womanhood; to live the love that suffers long and is kind; that vaunts not itself, and that thinks no evil. The growing personal initiative and warm-hearted zeal that is leading them to spare neither time nor effort to build up the college in ways of new and increasing usefulness, augers well for the future we most wish for them—a future in which they shall ever be ennobled by working for that which is greater than they, in which nothing human shall be alien to them, in which they, too, shall strive to "examine the road over which the fault has passed," and, Christ-like, shall learn neither to break the bruised reed nor quench the dimly smoking wick.

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